

S A T I R E
O N
A L L P A R T I E S:
A
P O E M.

Namque cœpère nobilitas dignitatem, populus libertatem, in lubricinam vertere, sibi quisque ducere, trahere, rapere, ita omnia in duas partes abstracta sunt, respublica, quæ media fuerat, dilacerata.



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S. A. T. I. R. E.
O. N.
A. I. L. P. A. R. T. I. S.
P. O. F. M.
[Faint mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, including "PUBLISHED BY W. W. O'NEILL" and "NEW YORK"]

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was wrote with a sincere Desire of uniting all Parties in the true Interest of their Country; to extirpate those Animosities which sow the fiery Seeds of Discord between Families of different Sentiments in Politics, and are the fatal Source of those Evils, which furnish pretended Patriots with a Subject for their Eloquence (and, in Conjunction with the Public Debt, will inevitably subvert the present Happy Establishment, if not timely prevented), who, like Quacks, prey upon the Vitals of our Constitution, under the specious Pretence of applying effectual Remedies, which are found, by Experience, to inflame the Disease, instead of rooting out the Distemper, and working a compleat Cure: Their Mouths are ever open against Bribery and Corruption, and (which is a Quality peculiar to these Animals) they are immediately restored to their right Senses, and an absolute Acquiescence in the Measures of the Court, by receiving those Favours which they rail against others for enjoying. Therefore I thought the present Situation of Affairs was no unseasonable Time to write a Satire against all Parties. And here I must beg leave to obviate an Objection, which, through a vulgar Error, frequently prevails among People of Fashion; to wit, that all Satirists are ill-natured People: Whereas, if they would take the pains to examine that Doctrine thoroughly, they would find there was no more Connection between Ill-Nature and a Satirist, than between Good-Nature and a Panegyrist; and neither of them can be allowed to be a necessary Consequence of each other. There is more Ill-Nature in the above-mentioned Affection, than in any Satirist that ever wrote: 'Tis condemning a Man's Actions, without being capable of judging of the Motives of his Conduct, and exercising that Power over him, which they blame him for exciting against other People. There are not Two Words in the *English* Language less understood or practised than *Good-Nature*. It requires an exact Knowledge of Mankind to judge of the first Springs of Action, and an accurate Discernment to distinguish between Things that are often the Result of some Whim, Caprice, or Affectation, and the genuine Effects of that noble Quality of the Mind; which, tho' not servilely complaisant to fashionable Follies, delights to exert its Power in Acts of Benevolence, and rejoices to promote the Happiness of all Men, that have any Title to its Favour from their Merit or Distress. Notwithstanding it is so amiable an Affection, it frequently passes for Ill-Nature with the ignorant Part of Mankind, who can see no further than outward Appearances, and often mistake an abject Compliance with the Humours or Vices of the Great, for this beneficent Principle.

Not always Actions show the Man, we find ;

Who does a Kindness, is not therefore kind ;

Perhaps Posterity becalm'd his Breast ;

Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East.-----POPE.

The Application is obvious. Is it not more charitable and just (Party-Tools excepted) to ascribe the Writings of a Satirist to that generous Indignation which every honest Man feels when he reflects on the Insolence of Exalted Vice, which has a pernicious Effect on the Community, or the ridiculous Behaviour of empty Coxcombs, who endeavour to impose themselves on the World for the true Standard of Taste and Politeness? Why then should it be more criminal to expose such Characters in Print than in Conversation, which frequently turns upon the Failings of our Acquaintance, who are often censured, without any Reason, by their Friends, to the utmost Extent of their Abilities ; and are countenanced by the Custom of the World, to talk as much Abuse as they please in Prose, without suffering under the Imputation of Ill-Nature? However, it is some Comfort to those Persons who inveigh against Satirists, that it is the easiest Way of Writing, and requires no superior Talents to excel in it. If that Objection is absolutely true, I am surprised that the Conversation of those good-natured Gentlemen should abound so much with bitter Invectives, without exercising their Wit against their Antagonists in this easy Faculty, and indulging their Spleen in Verse, allowing to their several Humours ; as, by their own Confession, their Forbearance can never be owing to Want of Abilities, because so slender a Portion is necessary to execute such an Undertaking with Success. But to conclude what I intended to say in this Preface : I have frequently lamented the Negligence of Authors, in not dating their Prefaces and Dedications, as it gives the Reader, in some measure, an Insight into the Characters and Manners of the Age, as that Juncture affords him a more agreeable Entertainment in the Perusal of their Writings ; and may possibly enable him to recollect some Circumstances relating to that Period of Time : Therefore I hope, for these Reasons, all Authors will follow my Example in this Particular, and date their Prefaces or Dedications with as much Regularity as their Letters.

*Ledstone-Hall, in Yorkshire,
December 12th, 1748.*



A
S A T I R E
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A L L P A R T I E S :
A
P O E M.

F R I E N D.

AWAKE, my Friend! and strike the sounding Lyre!
This motly Age will various Thoughts inspire;
Fir'd with bright Visions of immortal Fame,
Raife to some Patriot's Worth a deathless Name:
Or, nobly bold in Virtue's glorious Cause,
Write Satire that may just escape the Laws.

A U T H O R.

VAIN is the Task to blame, or to commend,
Without a Patron who will prove your Friend;
Like BLACKBORNE vers'd in the fair Critic's Art,
Able to judge, and willing to impart,

B

To

To teach the roving Muse her proper Bounds,
 And charm the ravish'd Ear with pleasing Sounds.
 How few, like learned TAYLOR, chance to meet
 A GRANVILLE's Genius to reward their Wit!
 But modern Poetry's a tender Flow'r,
 Which droops beneath the rigid Hand of Pow'r;
 Or else, neglected, like a Lover's Sighs
 By scornful Beauty, languishes and dies:
 Except some Genius rise in her Defence,
 To the dull Crowd point out each Excellence,
 With his own Laurels guard the Poet's Head
 From Critics, who can neither write nor read.

F R I E N D.

WHY then forsake each Science in your Youth,
 And, for gay Fiction, leave unerring Truth
 To sport and wanton in the Muse's Grove,
 Or paint in flowing Verse the Joys of Love:
 To hurl your Thunder at the Statesman's Head,
 And make a WALPOLE tremble while he read.
 Careful of Ease, and negligent of Gain,
 Averse to study Books which give you Pain;
 Nor o'er the Midnight Lamp dull Comments draw,
 To rise by Scripture, Phyfic, or the Law.

A U T H O R.

AS some fair Nymph, who has resign'd her Charms
 To the full Rapture of her Lover's Arms,

Yet

Yet fondly thinks such Bliss will ever last,
 And every glowing Kiss improve the past;
 But finds too soon the gay Delusion vain,
 And earns a wretched Sustenance with Pain:
 So fares it with the modern Race of Wits,
 Who write for Pleasure first, then starve by Fits:
 For Bookfellers, like Bawds, will draw them in,
 Then cheat them of the dear Reward of Sin,

F R I E N D.

PERHAPS your Verse may charm a GREENVILE's Ear,
 Revive the dying Love of Friends sincere,
 Whose Infant Bosoms felt the sacred Fire,
 Ere Gold or Beauty could excite Desire,
 From Books and Nature caught the noble Flame;
 And liv'd together under Friendship's Name,
 When SANDWICH, HALLIFAX, the Nations boast,
 In social Converse bid you name the Toast.
 Ere Merit rais'd them to that Height of Pow'r,
 Wou'd condescend to laugh away an Hour;
 And TALBOT, watchful o'er the People's Right,
 Cou'd charm with sprightly Wit the waning Night.

A U T H O R.

THESE are like visionary Scenes of old,
 When Poets could create an Age of Gold;
 Ere the seducing World's corrupted Arts
 Our Manners tainted, or debauch'd our Hearts;

Before

Before Ambition taught us to forget
 Fame, Honour, Conscience, Virtue, to be Great.
 'Tis vain, in such an Age to rack your Brains,
 To furnish Critics with poetic Strains;
 When Friends, perhaps admire, but seldom buy;
 For Booksellers, like Courtiers, never lye:
 When Taste and Public Spirit are no more,
 But Half the Nation, like a greedy Whore,
 Exert their various Talents to deceive,
 And on the Plunder of their Country live.

F R I E N D.

BUT still BRITANNIA'S KING deserves Applause,
 Who governs by the Standard of the Laws;
 Nor lets the Caprice of a Monarch's Will,
 To sooth his Pride, become the Nation's Ill;
 No Stretch of Pow'r to arbitrary Sway,
 To make those Slaves, who freely will obey:
 Strict Honour in his Royal Breast appears,
 Unfully'd by a Reign of Twenty Years;
 Who scorns the little servile Statesman's Arts,
 But founds his Empire in the People's Hearts.
 This is no Fiction of a Poet's Brain,
 But what unpension'd Citizens maintain.
 In the foul Dregs of these corrupted Days,
 When will our Ministers deserve such Praise?
 But if plain Truth like Flattery disgrace,
 Then libel P--LH--M!--till you get a Place.

Who---when loud Patriots with real Debate
 On Peace or War, on Commerce or the State,
 Does---like another SOCRATES---disclose
 To the full Senate, that he nothing knows *.
 Thus, with Success, the Muse may make her Court
 To Whigs, or to the *Cocoa-Tree* resort.

A U T H O R.

CURSE on all Parties, and their mean Designs !
 Where ENGLAND's Evil Genius dimly shines ;
 In dark Cabals erects a motly Throne,
 And claims, as lawful Heir, the BRITISH Crown ;
 Leads in proud Triumph such a Groupe of Fools,
 As prove the cunning Politician's Tools.
 To rouse the Populace to spurn at Pow'r,
 Whose specious Tales the gaping Crowd devour,
 And, if it suit their noble Patron's Cause,
 They shout for GEORGE, our Liberty and Laws :
 But if he languish in his Master's Eye,
 And forfeit with his Place his Loyalty :
 As State-Affairs revolve,---can change their Themes,
 And talk with equal Zeal in Praise of J--MES ;
 Rail at those Virtues which were once ador'd,
 And curse the Bondage of a Foreign Lord.
 When thus the sudden Patriot Silence breaks,
 And sheds affected Sorrow while he speaks.

* This Passage is by no means intended as a Satire on that Gentleman's Want of Abilities ; but only mentioned as an Instance of his humble Manner of expressing himself in the House of Commons, on Subjects which he is much better acquainted with than the Patriots that oppose his most excellent Measures.

' HOW long shall our forsaken Country groan
 ' Beneath the Burden of a Tyrant's Frown?
 ' How long exhaust our Treasure to supply
 ' The Minions of the Court with Luxury?
 ' Who plung'd us headlong in a fatal War
 ' With FRANCE and SPAIN---to shew their Guardian Care:
 ' Then thro' the World let ENGLAND's Riches fly,
 ' At any rate---to purchase an Ally,
 ' Who lengthens out the War with cold Delay;
 ' Passive in Fight---but eager---to betray:
 ' Else how should we be conquer'd each Campaign,
 ' And so much ENGLISH Blood be spilt in vain?
 ' But now the People feel the heavy Weight
 ' Of Taxes, which increase the public Hate,
 ' And JEWS become the Bankers of the State;
 ' When ev'ry dirty ministerial Scheme
 ' Is quite exhausted, like the LAUREAT's Theme;
 ' Time-serving Usurers are grown so poor,
 ' They scarce will raise Supplies for one Year more:
 ' Our vaunting Statesmen humbly sue for Peace
 ' On any Terms---the fickle Crowd to please:
 ' But now fair LIBERTY's enchanting Sound,
 ' Who fix'd her Standard upon BRITISH Ground,
 ' The Substance lost is dwindled to a Name,
 ' Like venal Parliaments, in Form---the same;
 ' But want that daring Spirit, which of old,
 ' Within due Bounds, all Ministers controul'd;

' Ere Golden Numbers cou'd by Votes prevail
 ' Against the Nation's Sense to turn the Scale;
 ' But why should I recal those glorious Times
 ' (Which to remember now are reckon'd Crimes);
 ' When Pulpits taught Hereditary Right,
 ' Ere the dark Cloud of HANOVERIAN Night
 ' Had overcast this Isle, and plung'd us down
 ' In heavy Debts---the Mortgage---of a Crown.

' HOLD, cries AULETES! your Harangue's too long:
 ' When Treason falters on a Patriot's Tongue;
 ' When JACOBITES assert fair Freedom's Cause,
 ' Yet wish to have a King above the Laws;
 ' Who could, like skulking Priests, themselves conceal,
 ' In Times of Danger to the Public Weal;
 ' But, bold in Peace, Plaid Ribbons show their Zeal.
 ' Passive Obedience to a Foreign Yoke
 ' With Revolution-Monarchs---is a Joke:
 ' None but the Princes of the STUART Race
 ' Claim from their Subjects the peculiar Grace
 ' To have their Lives and Fortunes all depend
 ' On the mere Caprice of their Royal Friend:
 ' And if it prove his arbitrary Taste,
 ' To lay, like NERO, the Creation waste,
 ' To clasp your Wives or Daughters in his Arms,
 ' And riot in the Bloom of Virgin-Charms;

' If fell Revenge the dark Assassin hires,
 ' Or plunder'd Provinces your Lord requires,
 ' The World resign, obsequious to his Will,
 ' Unbounded Pow'r to ravish or to kill :
 ' Such great Prerogatives to Kings belong,
 ' The noble Right divine of doing wrong.
 ' View the dark Annals of a STUART'S Reign,
 ' When our poor Country bled in ev'ry Vein!
 ' Beneath a dastard weak pedantic Race,
 ' In Pow'r tyrannic, abject in Disgrace ;
 ' Whom all Mankind, but servile Bigots, own
 ' More fit to fill a Convent than a Throne.
 ' What Frenzy seizes on the Minds of Men !
 ' Would they behold such glorious Times agen !
 ' And trust once more the Sceptre in their Hand,
 ' Who spread Destruction over a passive Land !
 ' Till, stung with Rage, an injur'd Nation rose,
 ' And banish'd from this Isle her sanguine Foes ;
 ' There let them linger out the last Remains
 ' Of Life---till free-born BRITONS with for Chains,

F R I E N D.

SUCH Arguments are us'd on either Side,
 Then let impartial Truth the Cause decide.

A U T H O R.

A U T H O R.

THAT foul Corruption, like a sapping Flood,
 Still undermines by Stealth the Public Good,
 And Ministerial Sheriffs grow so bold,
 To chuse a venal Member for his Gold,
 Or strike off Numbers without Wit or Fear,
 Nor dread the Censure of the Laws severe,
 With many flagrant Evils which create
 Much Discontent, and Faction in the State,
 Are Truths severely felt.---But shall we blame,
 Without just Grounds, this well-compacted Frame
 Of Government, because a Set of Slaves
 Live on their Votes, as Avarice still craves.
 Left, by Degrees, we lose our Liberty,
 Must we run headlong into Slavery?
 But Party-Prejudice, like jaundic'd Sight,
 Will never let us see one Object right;
 The Forms still alter as the Passions rise,
 And various Phantoms dance before our Eyes.
 Thro' the false Medium Ministers behold
 All---Jacobites, in Opposition bold;
 Because they scorn, like Courtiers, to submit
 To the proud Statesman's Politics, or Wit.
 Hence Whigs and Tories, with alternate Rage,
 To prove their Zeal, in fierce Disputes engage;
 Each, in his own Opinion, well deserves,
 And with no fordid View his Country serves;

The Public Good is their peculiar Aim,
 To make their native Isle the Boast of Fame.
 Thus, with Election-Heat, their Bosoms burn,
 And all are Rogues and Patriots in their Turn.

F R I E N D.

BUT is there no unerring Rule to guide
 Our doubtful Judgment thro' the winding Tide
 Of Politics: To fail between Extremes
 Of factious Clamour and UTOPIAN Dreams:
 To fix the Limits of a just Expence,
 With Taxes proper for our own Defence,
 Without that vast Profusion of Supplies,
 Which make e'en Loyal Whigs their Enemies;
 While starving Peasants groan beneath the Load,
 And think all Ministers a Scourge from God.

A U T H O R.

THEN let the World examine their Complaints;
 'Tis easy to distinguish Rogues from Saints;
 Men, Women, Children, a promiscuous Throng,
 Can judge of State-Affairs, of Right and Wrong:
 And the whole Nation is become so wise,
 That Politicians swarm like Summer Flies;
 Who spread their various Tenets thro' the Realm,
 To praise or censure those who guide the Helm;
 With Terms of foul Reproach each other brand,
 And scatter Seeds of Discord thro' the Land;

O'er

O'er Midnight Revels fix the Right Divine
 Of Empire, in a GEORGE, or STUART's Line.
 But wou'd Mankind the Voice of Reason hear,
 Free from Ambition, Prejudice, or Fear,
 Then jarring Sentiments would soon unite,
 And keep the long-suspended Balance right;
 Left wild Democracy by Force prevail,
 Or Regal Pow'r o'erturn the doubtful Scale.

LET all those glorious Spirits that remain,
 By Spleen unbyass'd, or the Lust of Gain,
 Above Detraction, or the partial View
 Of Parties---to the Constitution true,
 In City, Court, and Senate, firm unite!
 As Guardians of the Throne, and People's Right;
 Laugh at the vain Distinction Fools create
 Of WHIG and TORY, to distract the State;
 And, with their dearest Blood, support the Cause
 Of Freedom, founded on our Country's Laws.

THO' many Ills from foul Corruption spring,
 Which make rebellious Crowds revile the King,
 Long may the Royal Race extend their Sway,
 And late Posterity their Sons obey,
 Till Death's wide Empire overwhelms us all,
 And with expiring Worlds FREE BRITONS fall.

F I N I S.

These are the same as the ones in the first part of the book.

And keep the long-suffering balance right;
Let wild Democracy by force prevail.

Or Royal Power the double Scale.

the spoken language, or the land of Gini,

Of France--to the Constitution and

As Guardians of the Throne, and People's Right

Of Ware and Torr, to dillect the State;

Of Freedom, founded on our Country's Laws.
And, with their dearest Blood, support the Cause.

Which make rebellious Growth: while the King,
Tho' many Ills from foul Corruption bring,

And late Posterity their Sons obey,
Long may the Royal Race extend their sway,

And with expiring Worlds their Britain call
Till Death's wide Empire overwhelm us all,

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